

to me, " Child, here I am,ⁿ—
 No, she
 is nowhere. She is naught.
 But take
 pity upon Jaising, O Illusion,
 and for
 him become true. Art thou so
 ir-
 redeemably false, that not
 even my
 love can send the slightest
 tremor of
 life through thy nothingness ?
 O fool,
 for whom have you upturned
 your
 cup of life, emptying it to
 the last
 drop ?—for this unanswering
 void,—
 truthless, merciless, and
 motherless ?

(Enters APA.RNA.)

Aparna, they drive
 you away
 from the temple ; yet you
 come back
 over and over again. For
 you are
 true, and truth cannot be
 banished.
 We enshrine falsehood in our
 temple,
 with all devotion; yet she
 is never
 there. Leave me not,
 Aparna. Sit
 here by my side. Why are
 you so
 sad, my darling ? Do you
 miss some
 god, who is god no longer ?
 But is